

THE SPORTING WORLD

IS ATTELL'S FIGHT CAREER AT AN END?

By TOMMY CLARK.

CAN it be that the time for the passing of that wonderful little fighter, Abe Attell, is at hand? It would seem so, according to all reports of the condition of Attell, who is resting, or at least trying to, within the confines of little old New York. Abe has been kept out of the ring for months now because of an injured shoulder, and according to those who are in close touch with the little featherweight it is likely that he may never enter the arena again to defend the title of featherweight champion, which he has held for many years, and that, too, without serious contention.

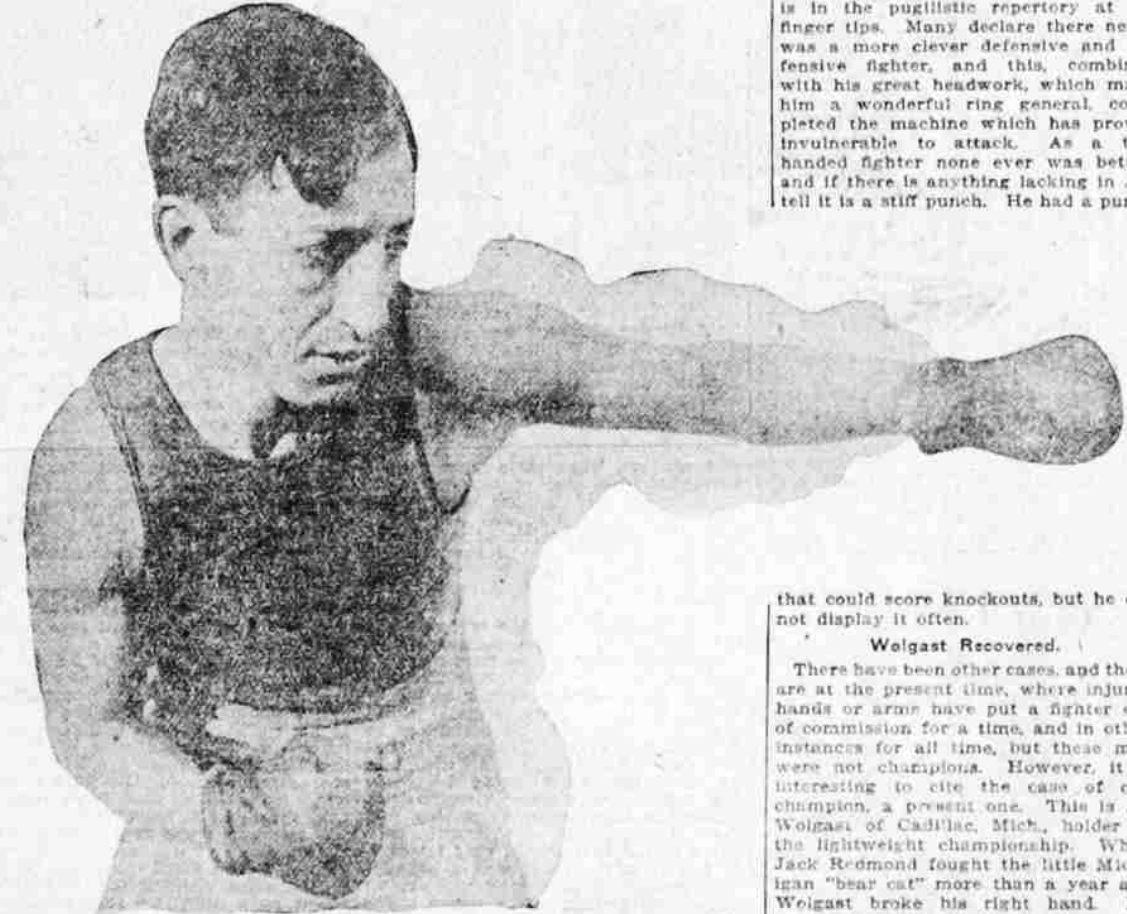
As rare as snowballs on the Fourth of July on the equator in the game of pugilism will be the case of Abe if he is forced to relinquish his crown through inability to defend it. Since

big fellows who quit before his title was taken away from him. That was James J. Jeffries, and he was forced to give up his crown through voluntary retirement, principally because there was no one capable of making him fight for it. But the fact must not be overlooked that after six years of retirement this same James J. Jeffries was hauled back into the ring to meet that inevitable defeat which has been traditional since the start of the game from the hands of the negro Jack Johnson.

Another instance is that of Joe Gans, the great colored fighter, now numbered among the dead. For years Joe was lightweight champion. He continued to fight until age and tuberculosis, caused through excessive training, made him a different man. It made him an easy victim for Battling Nelson, and with that defeat went the title

And he beat them all and gathered in the shekels all the while. But since being out of commission Attell has not been able to stand training, despite the fact that he has been under the watchful eye of physicians. Only a short time ago Abe was to have fought in an eastern ring. The match had been made and all was ready for the setting, but the fight didn't take place. A couple of days before fight time it was called off by Attell, who announced that he was unable to fight.

Of course if Attell cannot fight again the title must revert to the next best boy, but it does seem unfortunate that the little Hebrew should be forced to give up his title when there apparently is no one capable of taking it away from him in actual combat. It would be hard to find a more wonderful little fighting machine than Attell. Ruling the roost for years, he has been giving away pounds in order to keep active. He has everything there is in the pugilistic repertoire at his finger tips. Many declare there never was a more clever defensive and offensive fighter, and this, combined with his great headwork, which made him a wonderful ring general, completed the machine which has proved invulnerable to attack. As a two-handed fighter none ever was better, and if there is anything lacking in Attell it is a stiff punch. He had a punch



ADE ATTELL, WORLD'S FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPION.

the days of glove fighting began it is hard to find a champion who has been forced to give up his title through an injury received in the ring. There have been many cases, far too many, where a champion through defeat has been dethroned after he had passed the stage of his best fighting days. Many instances of this might be cited here, taking into consideration every class from the heavyweights down to the bantams.

Jeff One Example.

There was only one man among the

that could score knockouts, but he did not display it often.

Walgast Recovered.

There have been other cases, and there are at the present time, where injured hands or arms have put a fighter out of commission for a time, and in other instances for all time, but these men were not champions. However, it is interesting to cite the case of one champion, a present one. This is Ad Wolgast, of Cadillac, Mich., holder of the lightweight championship. When Jack Redmond fought the little Michigan "bear cat" more than a year ago Wolgast broke his right hand. He managed to stay the limit, ten rounds, with Redmond and thereby saved his

Then it was up to the champion to take a long rest, so that the injured maul might mend. For months Ad did not do a lick of work, and finally he was informed by his physician that he might try it out. He did, and the hand was injured, much less seriously this time. Then came another rest before the titleholder was able to re-enter the ring.

Since then he has had several fights and the hand has caused him no trouble, and it now seems to be sound enough for hard usage.

is, with the exception of Cobb, the only regular player in the Tigers' present lineup who was with the team when Jennings assumed the management in 1907 and molded a pennant winner out of an aggregation that had never but once finished in the first division. Sam has seen many a youngster break in

IF GRIFFITH HAD SEEN DONLIN STAR AT SHORT.

"EVERY one in awhile one hears Clark Griffith is looking for a shortstop," said Mike Donlin, actor and ball player. "Well, I was thinking the other day that if Griffith had seen me the first day I ever played short in the big league he would have paid \$10,000 for me. Then he would probably have committed suicide the next day."

"It was shortly after I had joined the St. Louis club that I was asked to fill in at short for a couple of days. I had played in the outfield, at first base and had done a great deal of pitching, but the short field job was rather new to me."

"To make a long story short, I looked like the greatest shortstop in the world that first day. They couldn't get anything past me. I fielded like a Bridewell and threw like a big Hans Wagner. No short fielder ever looked better than I did that afternoon. I think I took care of something like twelve or thirteen chances."

"Tebeau eyed me rather suspiciously after the game. He couldn't figure out whether I was a mere flash in the pan or whether I was really a great shortstop. He found out the next day. It must have been the reaction, for no shortstop ever looked worse than you truly. I couldn't catch a fly ball, couldn't stop a grounder, couldn't take a throw from the catcher, and once, after recovering a bobbie, I made a wild throw. Tebeau didn't look at me at all that night."

Donlin started in as a pitcher. He first attracted the attention of the big league folks when he was pitching in Santa Cruz. He joined the St. Louis club, but did not make good in the box because he didn't have the stuff. He played a pretty good game at first, but finally learned that he had been cut out for an outfielder. Mike, although not a large man, is a natural hitter. He can swing the ball about as hard or as far as any of them. At least he could before he joined the actor folks.

SAM CRAWFORD IS A GOOD ONE

Wahoo Barber One of Standbys of Detroit Tigers.

BALL players may come and ball players may go, but Sam Crawford goes on forever. The great Detroit outfielder, who has been a big league star for close to twenty years, seems immune to the frosts of time. Sam

TAGGING a base runner is one of the difficult tasks that the player has to accomplish, and it is one fraught with considerable danger. Players in the outer field do not have to encounter this danger, as their "outs" are made on flies. The first baseman seldom has to tag the runner, as the man headed toward him is out if the ball is held by the baseman while touching the bag.

It is at second base and at the home plate that most of the tagging is done, as the player is safe if he can get foot or hand on the bag without being touched by the ball except in case of a force. Base runners naturally try to slide to the base in such a way as to make tagging them as difficult as possible. Some base runners slide in such a way that the body is thrown to one

TAGGING OUT A BASE RUNNER



WHY PRESENT DAY BALL PLAYERS ARE BETTER THAN OLD TIMERS.

The batters work for runs instead of hits. Where the old timers turned the right at first base after hitting a single the present day stars turn to the left so as to take an extra base if the fielder should fumble.

The systematic handling of records and the continual publication of the feats of players has enabled the pitchers to make a closer study of batters.

The infielders are able to make much more difficult stops by the use of the gloves than did the old timers with bare hands.

The first baseman is now a position that requires great fielding, while he was formerly nothing more than a man placed on the bag to catch thrown balls.

Many years ago the batter could call for any kind of ball that he wanted. In other words, they pitched to a batter's strength in those days, and now they pitch to his weakness.

The deportment of the players is different. In the old days the players did not pay so much attention to their physical well being. Now they have to live and care for themselves as to hold good in their respective positions.

The outfielders have a greater knowledge of the individuality of batters. They learn the direction in which certain batters hit and shift their positions accordingly.

HANS WAGNER HAD AMUSING TIMES WITH THE ONLY RUBE WADDELL

"IN all the world," says Hans Wagner, "there is only one Rube Waddell. This is probably extremely fortunate for the aforesaid world. If there were many like the Rube universal bankruptcy would soon have to be declared. He is a curious card and a pest to put it mildly, and yet it is impossible to help but liking the eccentric fellow, who has furnished laughs for millions during his long connection with the game."

"He is a left hander, and left handers do not last many seasons. He is dissipated, and ball players who lurch heavily are not supposed to continue in the business any great length of time. Being both left handed and a boozier, Mr. Waddell, by all baseball logic, should long ago have moved back into retirement, but he lasted a dozen years in the fastest company, and people who have seen him work his season in the American association say his arm is as strong as ever."

"The most interesting characteristic of Mr. Waddell in my opinion, has always been his artistic sense of touch. He has never been known to buy anything. He has never been known to say for anything anywhere or under any conditions. What he does with his salary has always been one of the mysteries of the game. Get introduced to the Rube and in ten minutes he will spring so artistic an excuse that it is hard to see how he can get away with it, and never, never as long as this world shall endure will you get back the money."

"One winter not so long ago I had nothing to do and took a notion that I would run up to Butler, Pa., where the Rube lives and which is very far from Pittsburgh. The Rube when he engaged in elevating the stage or tending bar and during the intervals of his frequent marriages and divorces lives

near Butler and lives with, also on, his father—a fine old farmer, rich and pretty shrewd."

"Mr. Waddell was dead glad to see me and suggested that we go and paint up the town of Butler. I couldn't see it, mainly because I had thoughtfully forgotten to bring any money and had bought a round trip railroad ticket ere I started. I knew that if I had any coin the Rube would borrow it, and how could I refuse a man who was offering me the hospitality of his home?"

"When I explained to the Rube that I had forgotten my wallet he was struck for a few minutes and then began to figure out ways and means of touching his father. At last a great thought dawned upon him, and, dragging me along, he marched into the sitting room, where the old gentleman was reading the weekly paper."

"Father," said Mr. Waddell, Jr., very respectfully, "I have some important business to transact over in Butler, and Mr. Wagner will go over there with me. Let me have \$20. I will need about that amount before I get home."

"Mr. Waddell, Sr., looked upon his son with a doubtful eye. 'See here, George Edward,' spoke the old gentleman, 'I gave you \$10 only last night. Where has that money gone to already?'"

"Father," answered the Rube most earnestly, "you remember that pair of pants I had out in the barn to do the stables work in? Well, I thought I could use those pants for a bank to put my nest egg in. So I put the \$10 in the pants. Last night, father, you, in the kindness of your heart, told a tramp he could sleep in the barn. Father, that wicked tramp stole those pants and my nest egg with them!"

"The old gentleman, shaking his head, coughed up the \$20, and then Rube had \$20 with which to paint the town."

"Whatever success I have had in baseball is due to hard study and hard work," says Ed Walsh, the Chicago pitcher.

"I had sense enough to keep my eyes and ears open when I joined the White Sox. In those days the team had a lot of smart pitchers, men who did things and who used their heads all the time. Every time I saw one of them pull off

something I made a sneak over toward the clubhouse and tried it myself to see whether or not I could do it. I worked as hard in those days as ever a man worked in a mine or a mill. I was determined I was going to be a pitcher. Comiskey and Jones both coached me, told me what to do and how to do it, but they could not make me a pitcher. A fellow has to do that for himself."

side and only one foot goes toward the bag. This means that the baseman or catcher or whoever is covering the base must slap the ball against the foot or leg, thereby risking the danger of being spiked. In a recent game in St. Louis Catcher Doolin of the Phillies was bumped by one of the Cardinals, and his leg was broken, putting him out of the game for some time.

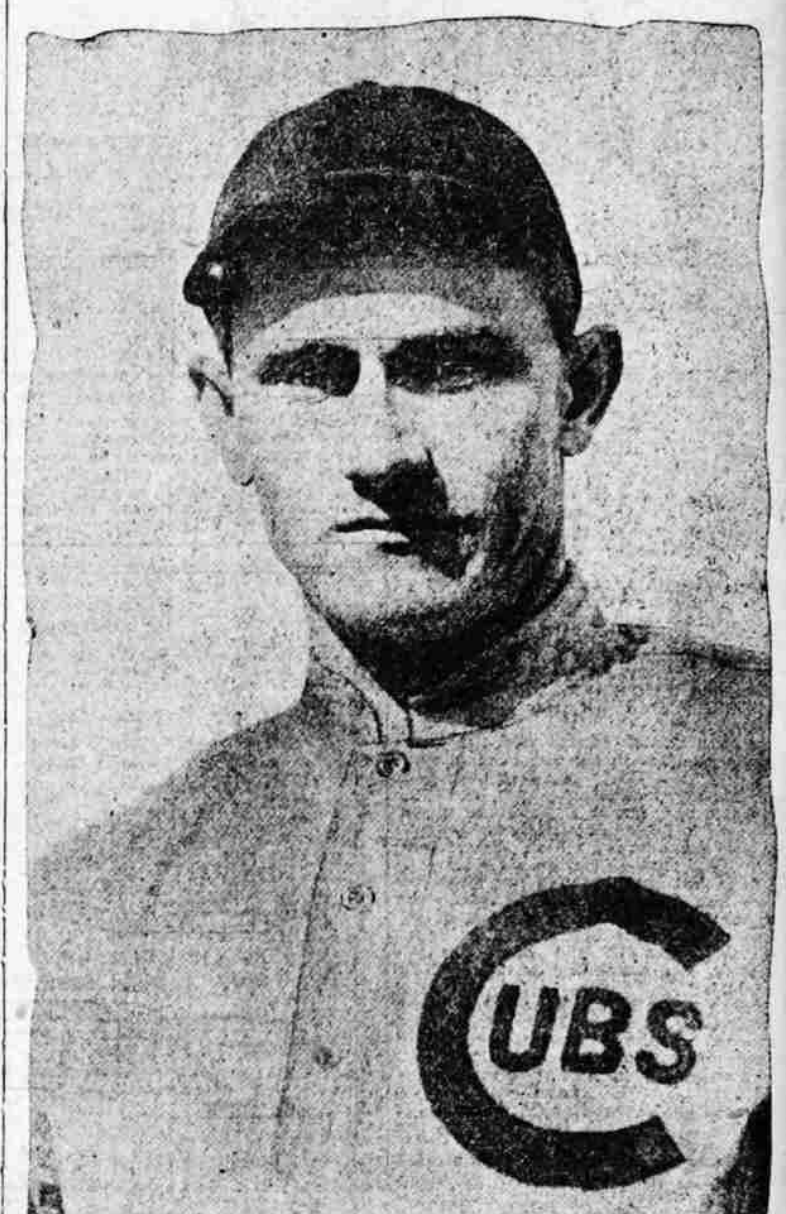
Many other players have been hurt in similar plays. It requires considerable nerve to stand one's ground when an opposing player weighing 150 or 200 pounds hurls himself forward feet first with the feet armed with sharp spikes. It requires more nerve to thrust a hand with a ball toward the sliding player, and the grip on the ball must be tight, because if it is knocked from the hand the runner is safe, even if the ball beat him to the base by feet.

Tagging the runner is a contest of skill and daring against skill and daring, and so far the honors are about even.

CUBS CLAIM TO HAVE THE STRONGEST PITCHER IN TONEY

MANAGER CHANCE of the Chicago Cubs probably possesses in Fred Toney the strongest and best all around athlete in the National league. This does not mean he is the greatest pitcher, hitter or runner, but it does mean he is the most powerful.

At present Toney tips the beam in the neighborhood of 195 pounds, and he is in excellent playing condition. There is not one ounce of superfluous flesh on him. On every part of his body the



FRED TONEY, CUBS' STRONG ARM MAN.

skin is drawn and muscles protrude in knots. In spite of this, he is not muscle bound.

The only defect apparent in his physical makeup is in his pitching arm on the inside of his elbow. He obtained this in a scuffle while in the Blue Grass league. It is an injury to the cords, which are tied up and form a knot about half the size of an egg. This does not affect his twisting arm, although he cannot snap the ball in cold weather with the same free action as he can when the temperature is high.

Toney attained his wonderful strength on a farm in Nashville and in throwing rocks into and across the Cumberland river. Throwing rocks is his principal athletic feat, and he does not hesitate to wager that he can throw a rock a certain distance.

While in St. Louis on a recent trip he explained his hurling abilities to Joe Tinker. The latter, who makes bets with his teammates about as fast as he can think, listened attentively to Toney's ability as a rock thrower. As soon as the pitcher finished Tinker spoke up and said, "I'll bet you \$10 you cannot do it." Toney looked at the shortstop a moment and then

each one over the bleachers. Jimmy Doyle happened to stroll into the grounds just as Toney started pegging. After the game that day Toney told Tinker he would do his share to win the bet. While they were discussing it Jimmy Doyle spoke up and said he saw Toney throw six rocks over the fence. Toney, the big, honest fellow he is, nodded and told what he had done, and Tinker promptly called off the bet.

Evidence of Toney's marvelous strength was first unearthed in Evansville, Ind., in front of the Elks' home. In front of the building there is a hitching stone, which weighs in the neighborhood of 300 pounds. Helme Zimmerman and Tom Needham had some difficulty in moving it with both hands. Toney stood and watched them, and when they had finished he asserted he could lift it with two fingers.

Zimmerman spoke up and said, "I'll bet you can't do it." One dollar was the wager.

Toney stooped over, put two fingers in the ring and lifted the stone to his knees, swung it back and forth and then sent it down. Zimmerman did not wait long to tell him he had won the bet.

HOME RUN MADE ON A BUNT

How Andy Oyler Pulled Off a Very Remarkable Freak Play.

BASEBALL is filled with freak plays, ones that sometimes bring about seemingly impossible feats. Of course there's a lot of fun in them when they go with the home team, but when they're against the home club you bet they're far from funny.

Whenever a bunch of ball players gets to talking baseball, something that doesn't often happen—for the majority of them like to get away from the national pastime as much as possible when they're not actually in the game—the subject often turns to freak plays of the diamond. One of the freakiest on record happened in Minneapolis some seasons ago.

The Minneapolis club had a little shortstop named Andy Oyler, who was a corking fielder, but wasn't much on the heavy hitting. He was one of the smallest men in baseball, and, to make it worse, when he stood up to the plate he crouched all up in a knot. It was a horrible sight for the pitchers to have to throw to Oyler.

One day Minneapolis was playing St. Paul. There is deadly rivalry between the teams, and the game was for blood all the way through. It had rained the day before the game, and the ground was sopping wet. The base runners had floundered around like chickens with their feet tied. Minneapolis needed one run when little Oyler came to bat.

Andy crouched down in his peculiar way, and the pitcher wound up. Bing! He let a hot one go straight for Oyler's head. Andy ducked down, bending his knees and leaning his bat over his shoulder. The ball hit the bat a crack, and every one at the park heard it. Where the ball went no one knew. It hadn't gone up in the air, for the St. Paul catcher was gazing around the sky and wishing for a teleSCOPE. The first baseman was looking under the

bag to see if the ball got stuck there, the pitcher was shouting unintelligible things at everybody, and the third baseman was accusing the umpire of standing on the ball. Every one on the St. Paul team was crazy mad.

What was Oyler doing? He was going like a streak of lightning around the bases. "He's got it in his pocket!" When the second baseman on the St. Paul team heard that he started after Oyler, who had just rounded second on the dead run. Andy had the start, though, and he left the second baseman so far in the rear that people began advising the latter to hire a taxi. Oyler rounded third at top speed and pulled up at the home plate, scoring the winning run.

"What are you trying to do?" screamed the catcher. "Gimme that ball!"

"I ain't got the ball. There it is right in front of the plate. I got a home run on a ball that didn't go two feet."

Sure enough, there was the ball sticking right in the deep mud in front of the plate. It had gone off Oyler's bat so quickly that no one had seen it land but Oyler. The umpire, of course, had to allow the homer, for the ball had hit on fair ground.

HOW STAR BATTERS HOLD THEIR BATS.

Good hitters hold their bats differently. Larry and Cobb grip their bats at the end. Jim Delahanty grips his bat six inches from the end. Larry and Cobb take long, hard swings at the ball. Delahanty at it. Tris Speaker and Sam Crawford hold their bats like Larry and Cobb. So do most other batters who hit long drives. While Keeler, one of the greatest hitters, choked his bat. He gripped up from the end like Delahanty and used a short bat.